

Halo: Violence and Gore to the Max

by A Breath Of Fresh Napalm

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-03-08 03:18:11

Updated: 2006-03-08 03:18:11

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:30:07

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 868

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: If you like like violence and see Covenant die read this story. Nuff said. R&R If you like it I'll keep writing.

Halo: Violence and Gore to the Max

****Disclaimer****: I do not own Halo or Halo 2 Micro\$oft does...those lucky little...

I've read lots of Halo stories on this site they're all good and interesting, but none of them have the

violence that Halo should have, so I give you the violence that you crave.

****"Halo: Violence and Gore to the Max"****

The rain fell down through the trees pelting Khilarkee's face. He blinked several times to clear

the water from his eyes. The platoon in his charge consisted of four Hunters, strategically located

near the front and the rear, twenty energy shielded Jackals wielding their plasma pistols, six other

Elites, and ten cannon fodder Grunts. Khilarkee himself was placed behind the front two Hunters

and Grunts.

"I don't understand why the Prophets have me leading this worthless recon mission," he thought to

himself, "everyone knows that the humans left this place ages ago."

Still though, he and his group of covenant warriors trudged through the mud and dense jungle

vegetation. It was beginning to get dark, and the rain didn't show signs of stopping. He called one of

the Grunts towards the front.

"What is our position?" He asked the Grunt.

"Umm... we are about three warkles to the north of the two seckler mark to the big

whatchimacallit... ayep."

Khilarkee felt the urge to grab the incompetent Grunt and strangle it then and there. But, before he

could reach out for the Grunt's throat there was a loud crack and the Grunt's head exploded. A

shower of blue blood immediately erupted from the area where its head had been. The grunt's body

began to convulse spraying blood everywhere. Khilarkee's face became stained as he dove for

cover from the hail of bullets that soon followed. He looked up from his hiding place and witnessed

a jackal activating its shield only to have everything from its wrist to its shoulder obliterated. The

shield dropped to the ground, fizzed, then went out. When Khilarkee brought his gaze back to the

jackal he saw that it had a gaping hole in its chest. It fell to the ground motionless as its blood

became washed away by the rain.

Suddenly a chunk of the rock Khilarkee was hiding behind exploded, he quickly ducked his head

back down as several bits of shrapnel cut his face.

(Meanwhile...)

"Damn! I missed it!", cursed a marine.

"Shut the hell up and keep firing!", yelled the commander.

(Now... back to the dead and dying Covenant.)

"Troops activate thermal vision enhancers!", Khilarkee ordered.

Khilarkee drew his carbine and crawled to more cover by one of his Elite comrades, Urmamee.

Khilarkee then activated his own thermal vision enhancers. He immediately noticed seven heat

signatures up in the trees. The grunts were still running in circles, some of them with their methane

tanks ignited, running around like crazed fireflies. Thankfully they were drawing most of the sniper's

attention.

"Urmamee up there in the trees, do you see them?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Try to take them out."

Urmamee slowly stood up from cover. Khilarkee heard several shots fire from Urmamee's carbine.

Urmamee sat back down. With his back turned Khilarkee asked how he did. When he received no

answer he turned slowly to see Urmamee with half of his face blown away.

"Glah-Klhi-glar-kleee, help meeeeee.", Urmamee gurgled, purple blood pouring out of his mouth and

cheek.

He shuddered then died.

Khilarkee was horrified, he didn't know what to do. He looked around watching the Hunters fire

their fuel rod cannons wildly, all of the Grunts and Jackals were dead, and there were only two Elites

left.

"Wait, scratch that," he thought as he saw an elite get melted from the waist below, because of a

stray fuel rod cannon shot. The literally half dead elite let out a warbly death cry as it tried to drag

himself through the mud. Its crawl was interrupted by another hunter's boot crushing was remained

of the elite.

Khilarkee saw no hope left, he picked up his carbine and ran out from behind his cover. He was

immediately struck in the leg with a sniper round. His leg came flying off as he fainted from the pain.

When he awoke he found himself bound and on the ground. He was

surrounded by humans. All of

the hunters were dead and their bodies along with those of the other Covenant forces were lying in a

pile.

All but one of the marines started to walk away, and the one marine said something that Khilarkee

couldn't understand as he pulled the pin on a fragmentation grenade and shoved it in Khilarkee's

mouth before running away. The grenade detonated spraying Khilarkee's pulp everywhere.

After the explosion one of the marines got up and licked some of the Covenant blood off of his face.

"Yummy these guys taste like grape!"

(Meanwhile...where the Arbiter is.)

"I...sense a disturbance in the force."

The End...maybe

Well I hope you all like it I'm sorry if you don't. If you want more violence tell me in a review. REVIEW PLEASE! Thanks.

End
file.